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"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."

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THE PACIFIC

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"THE SEVENTH OF MARCH SPEECH."

The reference here is not to a speech to be made on the Seventh of March, 1918, but to one made on that date sixty eight years ago. It was delivered in the United States Senate on that day in March 1850. It was a speech which marked a crisis in the life of a great statesman—one of the very greatest this country has ever had—and an epoch, perhaps, in our national history. Instead of averting, as was hoped, it operated largely in bringing on a few years later the conflict between the North and the South for the preservation or destruction of the Union. That speech made that day by Daniel Webster, has gone into history as "The Seventh of March Speech."

Henry Cabot Lodge says in his "Life of Webster", in the "American Statesman Series", that the speech if exactly defined, was in reality a powerful effort, not for compromise, or for the fugitive slave law, or any other one thing, but an effort to arrest the whole anti-slavery movement, and so to put an end to the dangers that threatened the Union.

In this speech Mr. Webster did not arraign the propagandists of slavery; he arraigned their opponents. He did not indict the disunionists of the South; he poured out wrath on the abolitionists of the North, arguing that the people of the North were unduly exaggerating the danger of slavery extension; and plead for a recognition to the fullest extent of all those guarantees given it in the constitution.

Everett P. Wheeler in his chapter on "The Constitution and Slavery," in his book bearing the title "Daniel Webster, the Expounder of the Constitution", tells us that at Marshfield one day in 1849, Mr. Webster who was usually cheerful and full of varied anecdote was silent and seemingly in sadness. After dinner, as he stood by the fire, these words came from him in deep and solemn tones, "If this slavery agitation goes on we shall have war between the North and the South. And who is ready for that?"

To prevent that, writes Wheeler, he delivered this great address, "which is not the least of his titles to the gratitude of his countrymen."

In that memorable speech Mr. Webster set forth as follows his purposes and motives; "I wish to speak today, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States, I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me true to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and stars shall appear, or shall not appear for many days. I speak today for the preservation of the Union 'Hear me for my cause!' I speak today out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to the country of that quiet and harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all. These are the topics that I propose to myself to discuss; these are the motives, and the sole motives, that influence me in the wish to communicate my opinions to the Senate and the country; and if I can do anything, however little, for the promotion of those ends, I shall have accomplished all that I expect."

Mr. Webster in the Seventh of March Speech attempted the impossible; he attempted to arrest the ever-advancing principles of human liberty—and he failed. Under the influence of that speech the anti-slavery movement recoiled for a time, but its on-rushing course was not long delayed. The compromise measures which were adopted emboldened the pro-slavery element; the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, was demanded soon, and was secured, and then there began on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska those struggles for possession and supremacy between the anti-slavery and pro-slavery elements which pushed the nation rapidly on to civil war.

The Fifteenth of March was a fatal day for Julius Caesar. The Seventh of March was a fatal day for Daniel Webster.

In 1852 Mr. Webster sought once more the nomination for president of the United States. Although in his fears for the safety for the Union, he had sacrificed more than any other man of his period, it was impossible for him to secure in convention any support from the South—the southern Whigs being, with the exception of one delegate, for Mr. Fillmore. In the North the anti-slavery Whigs were mainly for General Scott. Fillmore received 133 votes on the first ballot; Scott, 131; Webster, 29. Rufus Choate who headed the Massachusetts delegation plead eloquently and passionately with Southern delegates for support for Mr. Webster on simply a single ballot. Up to the forty-fifth ballot there was but little change; then General Scott began to gain, and was nominated on the fifty-third ballot, receiving 159 votes. In the main the delegates who voted for General Scott were opposed to convention resolutions sustaining the compromise measures, while the supporters of Fillmore and of Webster upheld the compromises.

Mr. Lodge says in his admirable study of Mr. Webster and the great questions of that period of our national life; "It seems hard that the Southern Whigs should have done so little for Mr. Webster after he had done and sacrificed so much to advance and defend their interests. But the South was practical. In the Seventh of March Speech they had got from Mr. Webster all they could expect or desire. It was quite possible, in fact it was highly probable that once in the presidency he could not be controlled or guided by the slave power or any other sectional influence. Mr. Fillmore, inferior in every way to Mr. Webster in intellect in force, in reputation, would give them a mild, safe administration, and be easily influenced by the South. Mr. Webster had served his turn, and the men whose cause he had advocated and whose interests he had protected cast him aside."

The outcome of the convention of 1852 was a great disappointment to Mr. Webster. He believed he would be the nominee. Mr. Choate called on him in Washington on the day before the convention, knowing that he was leading a forlorn hope; but so confident was Webster that

the coveted prize was within his grasp that Choate had not the courage to undeceive him.

Webster died in October of that year, and among his words a month or two before he passed away were these: "I have given my life to law and politics, law is uncertain; politics are utterly vain."

VERDICTS PAST AND PRESENT ON "THE SEVENTH OF MARCH" SPEECH.

The country was divided on the "Seventh of March Speech". New England was in the main greatly incensed. However, a resolution of condemnation was rejected in the legislature of Massachusetts on the 30th of April by a vote of 77 yeas to 139 nays. For a while the doors of Faneuil Hall were closed against him. Not only in the South but also in many parts of the Middle West there was approval.

It was then that Whittier wrote the poem entitled "Ichabod." He said in later years: "This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the Seventh of March Speech of Daniel Webster in support of the 'compromise' and the fugitive slave law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great senator was never stronger, than when I laid down his speech, and in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest. I saw, as I wrote, with painful clearness, its sure results—tho Slave Power arrogant and defiant, strengthened and encouraged to carry out its scheme for the extension of its baleful system, or the dissolution of the Union, the guarantees of personal liberty in the free states broken down, and the whole country made the hunting ground of slave-catchers. In the horror of such a vision, so soon fearfully fulfilled, if one spoke at all, he could speak only in tones of stern and sorrowful rebuke. But death softens all resentments, and the consciousness of a common inheritance of frailty and weakness modifies the severity of judgment. Years after, in "The Lost Occasion," I gave utterance to an an almost universal regret that the great statesman did not live to see the flag which he loved trampled under the feet of slavery—and, in view of this desecration, made his last days glorious in defense of "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable."

Whittier's poem was in part:

Revile him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath.
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen Angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame.

James G. Blaine in his **"Twenty Years of Congress,"** expresses the judgment that excitement and passion do not always issue decrees and pronounce judgments of absolute right; that in the zeal of that day, the anti-slavery opinion failed to appreciate the influence which wrought so powerfully on the mind of Webster. Blaine points out that Webster belonged with the men who could remember the first president of the American Union, who knew personally much of the hardships and sorrows of the Revolution—men born in poverty and reared in privation; that to these men the formation of the Federal Government had come as a gift from heaven. They were men who had heard from the lips of Washington in his farewell address that "the Union is the edifice of our real independence, the support of our tranquillity at home, our peace abroad, our safety, and of the very liberty which we so highly prize; that for the Union we should cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment, and should discountenance whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned." Mr. Blaine sets forth vividly the fact that Webster had in his own life-time seen the thirteen original states grow to thirty great states; had seen three millions of enfeebled and impoverished people increase to twenty-five million, and living surrounded by all the comforts and charms and securities of life. These things spoke to him of the Union and its priceless blessings. But now its advantages were discussed, its perpetuity doubted and its existence threatened. Attention is called to the fact that a convention of slave-holding states was about to be held in Nashville to consider the question of separation. And so, writes Mr. Blaine: "Mr. Webster felt that a generation had been born who were undervaluing their inheritance, and who might be tempted to destroy it. Under motives inspired by these surroundings he spoke for the preservation of the Union. He believed it to be seriously endangered. His apprehensions were ridiculed by many who ten years after Mr. Webster was in his grave saw for the first time how real and how terrible were the perils upon which those apprehensions were founded."

Mr. Wheeler in his study of Mr. Webster and this critical period of our national history declares that if the War of Secession had come in 1850 the South probably would have succeeded. He argues thus: "The increase of the Northern states in population during the succeeding decade was far greater than that of the Southern states. But more important than this was the rapid development of railroads and telegraphs and of innumerable manufacturing industries. The mines of California enriched us as well as those of Pennsylvania and Michigan. Together they upheld the war bl its two main nerves, iron and gold? If secession therefore was to come, anything that should postpone its advent was of vital importance to the Union. This speech of Webster's was the most important factor in producing that result." Mr. Wheeler contends that if Douglas and his supporters in the North and Davis and his associates in the South acquiesced in the compromise which

followed, we might have been spared the blood and suffering of the civil war, and have emancipated the slaves peacefully at a later date, as did the British people in 1833, with compensation to the Southern states. And so exclaims Mr. Wheeler: "Let no man, therefore, now attribute to our great statesman ignoble motives for this his final great effort for the constitution and the Union."

For twenty years Mr. Webster had been a standing candidate for the presidency. Many persons in 1850 put the Seventh of March Speech down as a bid for Southern support at a time when what might be his last chance was approaching. Henry Cabot Lodge, one of his severest critics of today, declares that this is a harsh and narrow view. Lodge believes that his motives were mixed; but that his chief desire was to preserve the Union.

"On the one side was the South, compact, aggressive, bound together by slavery—the greatest political force in the country. On the other was a weak Free-Soil party, and a widely-diffused and earnest moral sentiment, without organization or tangible political power. Mr. Webster concluded that the way to save the Union and the constitution, and to achieve the success which he desired, was to go with the heaviest battalions. He therefore espoused the Southern side, for the compromise was in the Southern interest, and smote the anti-slavery movement with all his strength. He reasoned correctly that peace could come only by administering a severe check to one of the contending parties. He erred in attempting to arrest the one which all modern history showed was irresistible."

If Daniel Webster had lived to 1861 he would have taken but one position—he would have favored meeting with force the first overt act on the part of the South. It has been aptly said concerning his great speech in reply to Hayne, in 1830, that it "was like an amendment to the Constitution;" that it gave to the friends of the Union "the abundant logic which established the right and power of the Government to preserve itself."

In his fidelity to the doctrine and cause of Nationality Webster never faltered. To him ever and always the United States was not a confederacy, but a Union; and the relations therein could not be dissolved by the authority of any state—that nothing but revolution could dissolve them. When the final critical hour came in 1861 it was these ideas and this love, fostered and strengthened by Daniel Webster perhaps as by no other man, which nerved the North to enter on the great conflict between the states and to carry it on through four long years of sacrifice—to an issue that freed the slaves, settled forever the vexing question of State Rights, and established in perpetuity, from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf, the principle of Nationality.

"CHRISTIANITY, DEMOCRACY, AND INTERNATIONALISM.

The Pilgrim Press, Boston, sends forth a valuable pamphlet, of 32 pages, by the Rev. Dr. Frank M. Sheldon—with the title, "Christianity, Democracy, and Internationalism." It is "A Text Book for Class Use." Price 15 cents.

We quote from a foreword on "The Purpose of the Course":

The Purpose Of The Course.

"If our world is not doing a lot of hard thinking these days it is either morally bankrupt or has lost the power of thought, for the stimulus is certainly overwhelming.

"The world war has torn the mask from our selfish civilization with its veneer of Christianity. While we have spent much time upon non-essentials in our religious, political and economic theories, we have been too little concerned with the most consequential and far-reaching unbelief of our time,—the unbelief in real brotherhood, in essential democracy, in internationalism.

"And now the war has jarred us loose, shocked us out of our platitudes, conventional orthodoxies and comfortable complacencies, smashed our inadequate theories; rocked the very foundations which we thought secure and is compelling us to reevaluate everything.

"Someone recently said,—'Wait until the war is over and we get back to the old conditions.' It is to be hoped that not many are thus sound asleep. We are already in a new world; old things have passed away. We must get busy building the new-world-order.

"If our Christianity is to measure up to the demands and opportunities of the world situation, it will be because we more nearly measure up to our Christianity. We must face real Christianity, dare to accept its hard sayings, its most far-reaching teachings, live them out at whatever cost.

"We talk of winning this war, but the war will not really be won, no matter which side is defeated in battle, unless we Christianize the international attitudes out of which the war sprang. Really to win this war means that a long step has been taken in international regeneration. Unless the familyhood of nations shall result we are defeated, and the familyhood of nations cannot be built upon force. Force may be necessary to restrain, or even destroy, those who appeal to force, but it can never build the new world-order; that must be built upon international unselfishness and good-will.

The purpose of this course is to challenge us with the big, far-reaching, spirit, ideal and program of Christianity, in its application to the equally big and far-reaching problems and opportunities growing out of our world crisis. It attempts to make us face squarely what it really means to be Christian; to make us see and answer for ourselves as to what spirit, purpose and life we must possess, if we are to be worthy the name of Christian, and are to be at all equal to the call of the cross.

It challenges us to get out of our ruts, to do fearless thinking, and still more fearless living, to be Christians in the full and transcendent meaning of that term. It challenges us to live out this Christianity here and to the ends of the earth, to rise to the meaning of Christ's word when He said: 'If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.'—Matt. 16:24, 25.

"Two books, 'The Challenge of the Present Crisis,' Fosdick, and 'Dare We Be Christians,' Rauschenbusch, will be found specially helpful."

"NEW VENTURES OF FAITH."

A pamphlet of about 70 pages, has come to The Pacific, which we wish to commend heartily to all our readers. The caption of this article gives the title. A sub-title in "Suggestions for Greater Achievements Through Prayer."

The book contains a meditation and a prayer for a month. Also several brief prayers for daily use. We give here the meditation and the prayer for the first day.

Meditation.

"The purpose and ideal of the American people were set forth by President Wilson, while he was yet a neutral, in a series of speeches which will count among the most important state papers in history. In them he announced a revolution in international policy; and it is for the achieve-

ment of that revolution that he and his nation now stand in arms. President Wilson announced the end of international war and the beginning of international co-operation."

"The allies are organized together as a group of nations for the joint control of their economic resources..... This is the biggest single piece of co-operative enterprise that humanity has yet achieved. We have said in our national church proclamations that the cooperative control of industry is the final step in industrial democracy, and here is a step toward it. Those who would extend the Gospel of Jesus Christ should insist that this partial measure should be made a world measure; that economic imperialism—the final cause of world conflict—shall be removed once for all by a permanent cooperative administration of the world's resources, and that there shall be no exclusion, not even of our enemies. Into that great family our foes shall finally come—not the family of sentiment, not the family of mere statecraft, but a working family to control the work of the world together in the spirit of brotherhood for the good of all the peoples of the earth. That will mean recognizing brotherhood in a greater sense than the world has ever seen it before. It will recognize that the great natural resources are not the property of the strongest group or the strongest nation, but belong to all the children of men, put here by God for the development of all the people. It will mean that the great powers will stop exploiting the weaker peoples, that the world's great resources will be cooperatively controlled for the good of all the people everywhere. We must have this great advance in religion, or we shall face its inevitable decline. Unless we have more brotherhood out of this situation, we shall have less of God, less of God in individual lives, and less in the world at large."

Quotations are taken from G. Lowes Dickinson, "The Choice Before Us"; Harry F. Ward, "Social Duties in War Time."

National Guidance.

Thanksgiving

For the faith of our fathers, and the guiding hand of God in our national life.

"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days."—Psalms 44:1.

Penitence

That our patriotism is so often tainted by self-righteousness, suspicion, covetousness, or other manifestations of a boastful and unbrotherly spirit.

That we have not yet joyfully given God all.

Intercession.

That God may enable our nation to see and to do its full duty in this great hour of human history, and that He may soon bring this war to an end by the triumph of that which is just and righteous in His sight.

That as a nation we may see our sins so clearly that we shall prepare in true penitence to seek the guidance of God.

That all citizens may be impressed with the wide range of their responsibilties, and be impelled to persistent effort for removing injustice, self-seeking, and all causes of war from our political and economic life..

That, while we struggle to make the world safe for democracy, democracy itself may be so Christianized as to become safe for men.

That, seeing the terrible consequences of selfishness in national policies, we may be aroused to a true sense of national vocation for the service of all peoples.

Prayer.

O Lord of hosts, who didst guide our fathers out of the house of bondage; bind up the nation's wounds and make us whole. Save us from arrogance, intolerancy, self-deception and greed. Help us to close the widening chasm between the strong and weak, the rich and poor; and to cast into it all pride and prejudice, luxury and lust, envy and covetousness, the insolence of riches with the rancor of poverty. So may we establish the brotherhood of the Kingdom, and build in our land the City of God foretold by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began. We ask this in His name Who maketh men to be of one mind in a house, the Desire of all nations, Jesus Christ. Amen.

We give also the meditation and prayer for another day.

Meditation.

"The Christian life, the life of the Church, is one long crusade for the Kingdom of God. Freed from spiritual and temporal care by faith in God's Providence and God's Grace, the disciple is to devote himself in the most absolute fashion to the great spiritual commonwealth. He is to pray for it before he prays for himself; he is to seek it above all things, he is to face the Cross itself for its sake. Sparta or Rome never made such demands upon its citizens as Jesus made upon His followers on behalf of the Kingdom. No human commonwealth has ever roused so grand an enthusiasm of patriotism in its citizens as burned in the spirit of Jesus for the great City of God. For it His followers are to exult in persecution, to hate the dearest human ties that fetter their supreme consecration, to lose their meaner selves and find their true selves in resolute and thorough-going devotion to its interests. The whole drift of Christ's teaching is thus to demand public spirit on the largest and grandest scale on behalf of a great Divine-Human Commonwealth, towards whose consummation all God's ways with man converge. The supreme example of such public spirit is found in His own Life and Death, which made that Kingdom possible to men."

"The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were upon my knees.....We should establish ourselves in a sense of God's presence by continually conversing with Him."

Prayer.

We plead with thee, O God, for our brothers who are pressed by the cares and beset by the temptations of business life. ....May thy Spirit, O God, which is ceaselessly pleading within us, prevail at last to bring our business life under Christ's law of service, so that all who share in the processes of factory and trade may grow up into that high consciousness of a divine calling which blesses those who are the free servants of God and the people.

Quotations are taken from D. S. Cairns, "Christianity in the Modern World"; Brother Lawrence, "The Practice of the Presence of God"; and on page 13 from J. Rendel Harris, "The Guiding Hand of God."

Politics And Business All Leaders of Public Opinion.

Thanksgiving

For our clearer discernment of the causes of war, and for the growing conviction that they can and must be counteracted by the spirit and methods of Jesus Christ.

For gains in social progress, and for the increasing number of those who purpose to achieve by God's help a righteous social order.

Penitence

For the spirit of war in our political economic, and religious life, and our failure to recognize and combat it.

For failure to exemplify in all our relationships the loving justice of Christ.

Intercession.

That all men may be brought to see in war the consequences of paganism in politics and business, and be led to offer life and possessions to bring in a Christian order.

That those seeking unjust profit from the necessities of

others may realize that God holds them accountable for the sufferings caused by their greed.

That those who mould public opinion or hold positions of leadership may be lifted above all selfish interests of class or country; and that they may have the needed insight and courage to bring about conditions which shall give all men a fair chance to enjoy the highest things in life.

That all who influence others by voice or pen may be guided by the Spirit of Truth.

"A loving soul is more certain of guidance than an unloving one. . . . 'If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul . . . the Lord shall guide thee continually.' (Isa. 58:10-11.)"

We wish we had space for more of these meditations and prayers. They are on the Homes of the World, the Church, our Enemies, Public Servants, Colleges and Schools, Missionary and Bible Societies. Friendship as Exemplified, and Made Possible by Jesus. Christian Workers in all Lands; and numerous other persons and institutions and interests.

The book may be had from the General War Time Commission of the Churches, 105 East 22nd street, New York City. Price 20 cents for single copy; twelve for $2.00.

SOME UNEXPECTED SOCIAL BY-PRODUCTS OF THE WAR.

By Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Central Union Church, Honolulu.

When the War broke out it brought despair to the hearts of social workers everywhere. Up till August 1914 it had seemed as if we were living in the dawn of a great social awakening. The conscience of the world seemed to be touched with a new feeling of responsibility for the social wreckage of the slum, the tenement, and the brothel. Prison reform, housing reform, child labor laws, socialized schools and churches were coming on apace. Germany with her scientifically planned cities at Dusseldorf, Frankfort and elsewhere, and her social insurance, England with her garden cities at Letchworth and Bourneville and Hampstead Heath and her Lloyd George budget, America with her temperance movement and awakening social conscience listening eagerly to social prophets like Raymond Robins and Jane Addams—all these made us feel that the era of social reconstruction was at hand.

It seemed as if the call of the common social task would unite the leaders of all races, that the possibility of war between national units would fade out as men of all nations joined in a social warfare against poverty, ignorance, disease and vice—the great common foes of all nations and all races alike.

Then came the war, forced on the world by a medieval clique in Berlin, plunging the world back into the old robber baron era of social development. Now, it seemed, social progress would have to mark time while the money, the energy, the human devotion which might have created a new and better world were poured out to save us from being dragged into the middle ages.

But the wonderful and encouraging thing is that social progress has not stopped. It has only manifested itself in new forms. The essentially social genius of our age is vindicating itself by the way it moulds and determines our very method of making war. Some ages have had a genius for building cathedrals, our age has an equally noble genius for building a better social order.

Look for a moment at the encouraging roll of the unexpected social by-products of this war.

1. First of all the temperance movement has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. State after state, the army and navy, have all gone dry and national prohibition seems just around the turn. No war was ever so sober or free from alcohol.

2. The social control of industry which this war has accomplished is probably one of the greatest of its results. There is hardly such a thing as "private" business any more. All industry is recognized as under social control and under obligation to be conducted not for private profit alone but for the public good, and subject to government regulations to that end.

Socialists have not been enthusiastic over this war yet the irony of the situation is that the war has probably brought us nearer a sane and efficient type of socialism than all the agitation of the orthodox socialists!

3. The spendid care given to the private soldier is of great social significance. His food, clothing, medical care, life insurance, are all matters of exquisite concern. But after the war is over, and even before, such care must arouse the question: why not equally scientific and intelligent care for the private soldier in industry, the men in the trenches of economic life which we call the shop, the plantation, the factory? We can never again buy labor in the cheapest market and feel indifferent as to its housing, health, education or moral opportunity after the example governments have set in their concern for the men in the trenches.

4. Another unexpected by-product of this war has been its effect on the woman movement. At first it seemed that such a recrudescence of the appeal to force as war involved would set back the emancipation of women. But exactly the opposite thing has happened. Women have come forward so splendidly to do their share in economic and social work that suffrage and other elements in the feminist program march on more triumphantly than they did before the war.

5. Probably the greatest social by-product has been the enthronement of democracy. Undoubtedly the most far-reaching historic event from the viewpoint of the future will be found to be the Russian Revolution, and the corallary which yet must come—the Revolution. It is going to be a question whether the Allies, whose democracy is political rather than industrial, will not find difficulty in adjusting themselves to the more radical democracy which seems liable to be born out of the chaos of war. And the darker problem yet unsolved is whether this more radical democracy which is industrial as well as political will be able to keep its head, be sufficiently practical and efficient, to carry on the business of social organization or whether it will fall into the hands of visionary fanatics and result in reaction and another Napoleon. Yet the world cannot go back permanently and President Wilson has undoubtedly given us the keynote of the struggle in his great slogan: "We must make the world safe for democracy."

Wars are like earthquakes—they are creative! While they may destroy the transitory habitations of men they tell of the ground swell of new continents in the making beneath the surface of the sea. And this war is part of the social evolution of the age. We are still in the dawn of the social awakening—the war has proved it!

Whatever be the general aspect of the time, be its faith much or little, it is for us to make our own as broad and deep as possible. And the word is very near to us that we must obey, in order to attain to this. Faith comes of faithfulness.—John W. Chadwick.

THE SILENT MAN.

By William Norris Burr.

He sometimes drifts into the household, why not give him a place in the family paper?

But what right has he to a place anywhere in company with others—the man who cannot tell a mirthful story, nor contribute a brisk flow of talk for the entertainment of his friends?

The "peculiar" individual has his place, however, and the rest of us who succeed in making ourselves fit in almost anywhere must accept him, and be as gracious unto him as possible. It is said of Oliver Wendell Holmes that "of all who sat at the table at the Saturday Club he was by far the most brilliant talker." But even the genial Autocrat was not always ready for that which the common drift of life demanded of him. "I hate the calling of meetings to order," he wrote to James Freeman Clarke. "I hate the nomination of officers, always fearing lest I should be appointed Secretary. I hate being placed on committees. I am slow in apprehending parliamentary rules and usages, and averse to the business details many persons revel in." And he adds: "The Lord arranges his averages in such a way that to every one person like myself there are two or three organizing, contriving, socializing intelligences, and three or four self-sacrificing people who have forgotten what they like and dislike by nature, and about a dozen good indifferent folks that will take part in anything they are asked to."

The silent man may not be a defective man above his fellows, but his defect is noticeable on account of its rarity. The peculiar man is simply the man who is "different." If the majority of people were sphynxes, the man who can always manage to find something to say would be the "peculiar" man.

A large charity is due the silent man. Possibly the circumstances of his life in early childhood were such as to drive him to reticence; and most of us know by experience that it is almost impossible to break away from some of the roads into which we were forced in early life. Possibly he is the one person in the group who has been denied special opportunities for social development. A tender-natured man once told me in confidence something of the story of his life. A sensitive, shrinking boy by inheritance, he was thrown out upon the world at the death of his mother when he was twelve years old. He was almost wholly unsheltered, and he sought to shelter himself from the coarser natures among whom his lot was cast. Craving books, he read much as the years came on, but he had no school privileges after his twelfth year. The social advantages of school life were thus denied him. Concentration was not cultivated, memorizing was neglected. In later years he was thrown much with people who had been carefully trained in the schools, and he could not keep up with them in contributing to the social program. He was the silent man among them, and he was probably never quite understood by them, though it was almost life itself to him to be in somewhat close association with cultured men and women. "I know it is more blessed to give than to receive," he said to me, almost piteously, "but some of us seem to have been denied the power of the choicer blessing, and we can't help ourselves." Probably the silent man always suffers more on account of his peculiarity than do his friends who are annoyed by it.

Some men are slow thinkers, and their expression is always labored. Spontaneity came not as a gift, and they have never been able to acquire it. One who was a most succesful teacher of a large class of young men in the Sunday-school of a city church—who brought into the class every Sunday a sparkle of expression that captivated his young men—was always the silent mon outside his classroom; and his reticence was sometimes thought to be inexcusable. It would seem that a man who could win the minds and hearts of a class of twentieth-century young men ought to be able to have something ready for almost any occasion. But this man worked out laboriously all that he gave to his class. Had he been obliged to meet with them oftener than once a week he could not have been ready for them. He made copious notes, and he was dependent upon the catch-words lying on his desk before him for the next thing he should say, and, to some degree, how he should say it. He had a most treacherous memory, and never attempted to tell much of a story. He was obliged to hold himself and the class closely to the program of instruction as he had mapped it out; and if the discussion slipped the leash sometimes, he would, with not the ghost of an idea in his own mind, whip the class well into the discussion for a few moments, and then call up the next item on his notes. Possibly sometime during the following week light would break in upon him concerning the mooted point, and he would have a caerfully prepared word to say about it the next Sunday.

The silences of the silent man will never popularize him, but for all that he may be well worthy the high regard of his fellows. Probably Moses exaggerated somewhat his lack of ability when he said, "I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue," but there are worthy men in the world today who can sympathize with the silent man of Midian. Probably Jeremiah was foolishly self-conscious when he answered the Divine call by saying, "Behold, I know not how to speak; for I am a child;" but Jeremiah is not to be despised. Evidently Paul could write better than he could talk, for "his letters, they say, are weighty and strong; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible." Moses and Jeremiah and Paul and General Grant and a host of silent men have contributed mightily to the world's betterment. The silent man is not necessarily a dull man, nor is he always weak and bashful. Sometimes he is just—himself!

Pomona, Cal.

A WORD IN DEFENSE OF A POET

Editor The Pacific:

A word in criticism upon the sentiment contained in an article in your issue for February 14, seemingly animadverting upon the literary excellence of one hitherto considered one of our best American poets, Joseph Rodman Drake. The writer characterizes him as a "very minor poet, the best stanza of whose one remembered effort was written by Halleck."

I beg to take advantage to this hazardous sentiment, and to ask incidentally that he quote that: "best sentiment" in that "one remembered effort". In our humble judgment, Joseph Rodman Drake wrote the two best poems (each of their kind) to be found in American literature, if not in the English-speaking tongue: one heroic, and the other purely imaginative, viz: the **Apostrophe to The American Flag,** and **The Culprit Fay,** each incomparable in their kind, and of the type the 'world would not willingly let die', to use the language of Fritz Green Halleck himself. There is no poem of heroic strain to be compared with the former, **"America"** being tame and mechanical in comparison, and the latter having none to parallel it as purely imaginative verse and subject-matter, aside from **Lalla Rookh,** and **The Loves of the Angels.** It might interest the reader to know that it was composed upon the occasion of a banter, when one of the party remarked upon the impossibility of writing a poem purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters. The party was reassembled two or three

days later when **"The Culprit Fay"** was read to them, nearly as it is now printed.

The writer of these lines deprecates the duessetude in which our purely national types of poets are held in these days of a degenerate drama and twin poetic art. Such noble poems as those of N. P. Willis (Sacred), Drake, Bryant, and not a few others, are rarely if ever read. It does not speak well for American appreciation of their provincial talent in the twin divine arts.

AUGUST DRAHMS

YOUR TROUBLES!

By Charles L. Kloss.

You have many? You carry a heavier load than anyone else?

Cheer up! Your case is mostly hypothetical anyway. Your imagination has been working over-time. You have indulged in introspection and self-pity, which is wretched business at best. The longest lane turns. There's a silver lining to every cloud. The blackest night is chased away by the morning sun.

There is more for us than against us, every time. Read Pollyanna. Think of the other fellow and his troubles. Count your assets, and get a program adequate for a Christ's man. Plant your feet on Edward Everett Hale's maxim: "Look out and not in, look forward and not back, look up and and not down, lend a hand." Cheer up!

The sapient Mr. Dooley says: "I think, Hinnessy, that if th' scientists had more Christianity, and th' Christians had more science, it wudn't matter what a man had, if he had a good nurse."

"Feel glum? Keep mum.
Don't grumble Be humble.
Trials cling? Just sing.
Can't sing? Just cling.
Don't fear; God's near.
Money goes? He knows.
Honor left: Not bereft.
Don't Rust! Work! Trust!"

MISSIONARIES FOR CALIFORNIA AND OREGON GIVEN A FAREWELL IN NEW YORK CITY SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

It was sixty-five years ago last Saturday that the Rev. William C. Pond arrived in San Francisco after a sea voyage of one hundred and two days from New York.

The article herewith appeared in The Pacific for December 24, 1852. It was dated at Salem, Massachusetts, November 18, 1852.

Mr Editor:—Sabbath evening, Nov. 7th, a farewell meeting was held in Dr Asa D. Smith's church, New York, for the missionaries about to embark for California and Oregon:. The occasion was one of great interest. Seldom has so large a company gone forth at the same time to labor either in the Home or Foreign field. Eight men—Samuel B. Bell, John G. Hale, Silas S. Harmon, James Pierpont, Wm. C. Pond, E. B Walsoworth, Thomas Condon, and Obed Dicinkson, with their wives, and two of them with three children each, twenty-two in all—are a precious gospel group . As they occupied the front pews, in the body of the church, on this occasion, they seemed, to the eye of faith, more imposing and beautiful than any group wrought in marble by genius—a group of which Christ was the sculptor, and designed to be set up in his Pacific church. I could not help thinking how it would rejoice your hearts to behold it—you, who have borne the increasing burthen of that field without addition to your number, from the Home Missionary Society, since 1850—you, who have seen great moral desolations, but have not known of a man whom you could send to them—you, whose hearts have been torn for want of fellow laborers, as you have seen Christians forgetting their Eastern vows and virtues, the moral yielding to vice, and the wicked carrying a high hand; as you have seen the rebound of society into evil when the pressure of the gospel is taken off; and as you have seen institutions, and social and poltical life rapidly taking form with inadequate molding influence (in such a creative period,) of our holy religion. Yes, you would rejoice, and call it a God-send to the Pacific coast, and pray that He would carefully keep it till it reaches there, and then use it to his own honor.

Of course, I shall but indicate the character of the meeting. After reading the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, by Dr. Badger, and prayer by Dr. Patton, Mr. Coe, one of the secretaries of the A. H. M. gave a historical sketch of what the Society had done on the Pacific coast.—Six or eight years ago this region was almost unknown and inaccessible. In 1847, Mr. Atkinson was commissioned to Oregon; in 1848, two missionaries were sent to California; in 1850, three more, and since then none till the present company.

Rev. Mr. Atkinson then made some remarks on the history and present condition of missions in Oregon. He spoke of the Methodist mission in the Willamette Valley, and of the mission of the A. B. C. F. M. to the Indians.—These missions failed as missions—the latter by the massacre of Dr. Whitman and family in 1847—but they were the means of settling the country. He stated that ten thousand emigrants have crossed the Plains this year, and that many more laborerers are wanted in those Western fields to meet the increasing demands of the population.

Dr. A. D. Smith followed with a missionary charge or farewell, in behalf of the Eastern churches. He spoke of the importance of their work as pioneer work. The fabric to be reared on the Pacific coast is to overlook Asia, and its light gleam over China and India. He warned them against turning away to side issues; and urged them to have one aim, Christ and him crucified, and to meet stalwart men with stalwart forms of doctrine.

Rev. Mr. Walsworth very happily replied in behalf of the missionaries, returning thanks for the sympathy and interest that had been expressed—requesting continued remembrance in prayer—and expressing the hope that through God, they might be found adequate to the great work.

Rev. R. A. Storrs, Jr., next addressed the meeting on the philosophy of history which he defined to be, God engaged in building up a kingdom. All political institutions and movements are subordinate to this end—are the wheels of his chariot. To this end the Roman empire became universal, that Christianity when she came to possess it, might have the world for her arena. Again, the Papacy during the dark ages, was a Providential arrangement to preserve the treasurers of religion. He also traced this idea in the Reformation, the Puritanism of England—the settlement of America, and now this sweeping tide to the Pacific. The present lodgment of the civilizing power of the world in the Christian nations, Great Britain and America, is also illustrative of God working for his church. He is thus carrying the gospel to universal supremacy. He concluded his grand triumphal swell of thought, that strode like a conquerer with gorgeous and sweeping retinue—by remarking on the dignity and poetry of our position, when thus laboring with God for the advancement of his kingdom; by giving a note of warning lest American Christians add another to the splenidid exam-

ples of unfulfilled promise, and by assuring us that our only hope of success and reward is in fidelity to God and in humble reliance on his power.

After prayer by Rev. Mr. Dwinell of this city, and the benediction, the missionaries tarried and had their first general greeting with one another, preparatory to so long an intimacy; and in this greeting many otner friends also took part. Thus closed an occasion long to be remembered by those present.

BETHANY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO, CELEBRATES ITS FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

The writer had the privilege of attending the forty-fifth anniversary of the Bethany Church, the eighty-eighth anniversary of Dr. Pond's birth, and the one hundred and eighty-sixth anniversary of the birth of George Washington all at one time. It ook place at Bethany Church, San Francisco, Thursday evening, Feb. 21st.

Surely this was a great event. A multitude of people were in attendance. Old members of years gone, new members, and friends from many places. The esteem in which Dr. Pond is held by these friends of years gone was most touching. The various addresses of a reminiscent character were full of regard for the man who has been instrumental in doing good to many. He has left a monument of love and affectionate regard in the hearts of those with whom he has been associated through these years of toil and suffering.

The pastor, A. R. Gillespie, was master of ceremonies, and everything was done decently and in order. He and his accomplished wife are held in high esteem by the people to whom he ministers. One would think that the relation between him and Dr. Pond was that of father and son. The atmosphere was delightful.

We have not the space to report the many good things said by the various speakers. The writer was asked to make some remarks as one representing a sister church, but one who has not had a long acquaintance with Dr. Pond nor the church he has served so long.

Among the things that seemed worth consideration we could not but note the peculiar era in which Dr. Pond happened to be born. In 1830 the population of this country was 12,000,000. During the eighty-eight years he has lived the populations has gained one million each year, or that average. The year before he was born the first locomotive was imported from England to America. During these years our nation has passed through three wars and is now engaged in another. Among the many new things which have given us a new world during these years may be mentioned the steam engine on land and sea, the sewing machine, telephone, telegraph, electricity for light and power, automobiles, steel ships, all kinds of agriculture implements, wireless telegraphy, the submarine and airplane and other inventions far too numerous to mention.

We could not refrain from mentioning how important some births have been to this world. The birth of Jesus meant the redemption of mankind from every form of bondage and a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness. The birth of Luther meant the reformation which is only begun. The birth of Washington meant the birth of a great nation which was to bring light to the whole world. The birth-pangs at Valley Forge but told the story of the acuteness of pain in the higher realms of life. The birth of Lincoln meant the liberation of four million slaves and the complete extermination of the traffic from our nation.

The many good things we heard from the various speakers made us think of the marvelous influence a life may exert in this world. Destinies of men are often made for good or evil by the things we think, say and do.

It is seldom we see one old who is so young, One so hopeful who has seen so much to discourage. But Dr. Pond has a faith in God that is very simple. This faith in him inspires a like faith in others. His many friends wished him many more years of useful service.

It was an event of which Bethany may be proud. The past is now gone and while it is pleasant to remember it, the task of the hour challanges every man and woman, and requires the highest efficiency possible to even accomplish the ordinary in church work. E. M. I.

SAN JOSE.

About forty young people of the First Congregational Church of San Jose went up to Camp Fremont Friday evening, Feb. 22nd, and put on a musical and dramatic program for the benefit of the soldiers at the Y. M. C. A. building No. 1.

The play was from "Pickwick Papers" by Charles Dickens including three scenes. The chief scenes was the famous trial of "Bardell vs Pickwick." It was given in costume and was a great success. The play had previously been given at San Jose to a crowded house. The players were invited to come back and give another entertainment.

The Schedule For March.

The general theme of the morning services will be "Jesus Christ Today." The dates and subjects are as follows: March 3rd, "The Cross at the front." March 10th, "How Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the World." (A Lenten Meditation), March 17th, "The Church of Today and Tomorrow." March 24th, Palm Sunday, "Entering Jerusalem in Triumph December, 1917." March 21st, Easter Sunday, "The Power of an Endless Life."

The Sunday evening lectures are announced as follows: March 3rd, "Healing Ministry of the Christian Church at Home and Abroad." March 10th, Book Review, "An American Physician in Turkey," by Clarence D. Usher, M. D. March 17th, Book Review, "With Our Soldiers in France," by Sherwood Eddy. March 24th, Illustrated Lecture on "Jerusalem." March 31, Sacred Concert.

Besides these Sunday services Mr. King plans to give his lecture on "Scotland" Friday evening, March 8th.

During "Passion Week" from March 24th to the 30th there will be special services on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings. On Wednesday evening, the 27th, lecture on "The Man of Galilee" will be given free of charge to all who care to attend. On Thursday evening, the 28th, the Communion Service, will be observed. There will likely be a Sunrise prayer meeting Easter Sunday morning conducted by the young people.

SAN MATEO.

The Ladies' Aid Society had the pleasure recently of listening to Mrs. E. C. Norton of Claremont, Cal., speak on the work of the Schauffler Training School of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Norton spoke also last Sunday to the Sunday school on the "Tercentenary Plan."

The church clerk's report for the year book indicated that there were 31 accessions to the church last year, 14 by letter and 17 on confession.

The pastor received a second increase in salary amounting to $120 a year.

There are some people who will climb a mountain to escape a mole hill.

CROCKETT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

E. O. Chapel, Pastor.

Every indication of a prosperous year.

Annual meeting of the church, hitherto the occasion of a sumptious church supper, departed from its usual custom. This year wishing to conform strictly to the conservation idea, and believing it the duty of the church to set a precedent in such matters, light refreshments only were served. A new constitution embodying the coordinated plans of organization presented in the Tercentenary Campaign, adopted. A committee on resolutions expressed the confidence felt that all branches of the church would cooperate to bring the status up to the high standard of efficiency it should be, and pledged anew their loyal support to the pastor. A splendid spirit of optimism prevailed. A newly elected finance committee provides a church auditor, solicitor and collector. Thro' the efforts of this energetic committee a thorough personal canvas of all non-contributers has materially augmented the monthly income of the church, relieving considerably an acute financial problem, due largely to a constantly shifting population and consequent frequent removals.

Cottage meetings substituted for the mid-week church service, thus conserving light and fuel, and reaching families of a non-church-going character. Spacious cement sidewalk fronting the house of worship on the main street, recently laid under the direction of the board of trustees.

Meetings of Ladies Aid Society devoted to Red Cross knitting. Recent Red Cross tea netted sixty dollars, which were contributed to local Red Cross chapter. Money in treasury in resere for replanting and repapering interior of parsonage.

Sunday school graded and in flourishing condition. Tercentenary Progressive Chart in S. S. and monthly offering made toward Benevolences. Mrs. N. L. Searle, Sup't. Primary Department in charge of pastor's wife, furnished with juvenile chairs and pews, baby organ, sand-table, charts, etc. Intermediate C. E. during past year held in conjunction with mid-week church service, now meets Sunday evening, and has taken on new life.

Young Ladies Bible Class organized into Camp Fire with S. S. Sup't. as guardian. C. B. C's (Cong'l Boy's Club) served as nucleus for what is now a strong Boy Scout organization with salaried Scout Master, Scout barracks, and summer camp provided by the local California and Hawaiian Sugar Refining Company. Committee in charge of Easter services in church and Sunday school in action preparation for this annual sacred celebration.

Despite the many new and pressing claims upon our sympathy, time and means, growing out of the war, the church still commands the loyalty of its members and in unity, hopefulness, and increasing efficiency presses on toward the mark of its high calling.

POMONA

Sunday. February 17th, was a notable day at Pilgrim Church. The time in the Bible School before the lesson period was given to the Lincoln Day program prepared by the A. M. A..—"The Fight For Freedom." At the hour of morning worship a patriotic service was held which called out a congregation nearly filling the large auditorium, In celebration of the Lincoln-Washington birthday anniversaries the members of the local Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. the Woman's Relief Corps, the Home Defense League and the Spanish War Veterans were present by invitation. the G. A, R. men. about fifty in number. having seats upon the enlarged platform. The Boy's brigade of the church. in uniform, acted as escorts to the visiting bodies. The Mayor of the city sat beside the Pastor, William Orr Wark. "Who Was George Washington?" was the subject of the pastor's address. At this time also the service flag of Pilgrim Church, bearing thirty-two stars, was raised with appropriate exercises, including the reading of the Honor Roll.

A heavy rain-storm came at the time of the evening service but this did not prevent the presentation of the religious drama based on the "Parable of the Prodigal Son" that had been announced for production at this time. Almost a capacity audience braved the storm to witness the dramatic presentation of this familiar parable. The lines were written by the Pastor of Pilgrim Church. and all the music, with the exception of three numbers. was composed by Prof. Walter E. Hartley, organist and choirmaster of "Pilgrim." There were fifty persons in the cast, all clad in Oriental garb. This is the second Drama that Mr. Wark has written since his pastorate at "Pilgrim" began a little more than two years ago. The first one, based upon the parable of "The Ten Virgins" was produced at "Pilgrim" nearly a year ago.

Although the night was again stormy several hundred people gathered on Wednesday evening, February 20th, to witness a second presentation of the "Prodigal Son." The following day Prof. Ralph H. Lyman, head of the department of music at Pomona College, who took the part of the "Prodigal," and the Men's Glee Club of the college, who rendered the men's chorus work in the drama, started on a ten day's trip among the training camps in the Southern part of the state.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NEWS NOTES.

Rev. P. H. Ralph, came from the East to a ranch near Bakersfield for his health, six or seven years ago. His health was sufficiently recovered so that three years ago he took the pastorate of the newly organized church at Arvin, continuing until January first, when he accepted the position as Missionary superintendent of the East division of Wisconsin. He has eighty churches under his supervision. Wisconsin is Mr. Rolph's native state and nearly all his ministry was spent in that state. It means special honor for his former associates to call him to this responsible position. While in California he was for three years a member of the Conference Board of Directors, and did very helpful work among the churches of the Kern Association.

Rev. W. H. Hannaford who has been pastor at Ventura for two or three years has been called to the pastorate of the Logan Heights Church, San Diego. Rev. F. C. Reid goes from Logan Heights to the Corona Church.

Rev. Chester Ferris leaves the Park Church, Los Angeles to become pastor of the church at Santa Barbara. Mr. Ferris is secretary of the Board of Conference Directors and prominent in all the denominational interests centering in Los Angeles.

Rev. H. B. Mowbray of San Bernardino has been representing Congregationalism at Camp Kearney during the month of February.

Rev. H. C. Ide of Redlands was there during January, and Rev. W. O. Wark of the Pomona Church will carry on the work until Easter.

Rev. Shelton Bissell, formerly of La Jolla, and for two years past, pastor at Boise, Idaho, has accepted a short term pastorate of the church at Venice. Mr. Bissells' experience in a tourist town qualifies him for such a place as Venice.

GLENDALE.

The pastor, the Rev. E. H. Willisford, is now in France, engaged in Y. M. C. A. work. He sailed from New York the 16th of January and reached Paris on the 27th. Mr. Willisford writes of a pleasant, uneventful, trip; and shows enthusiasm over the prospects of his work. On shipboard he had charge of the Sunday services in the first and second cabins.

During absence of Mr. Willisford, the Rev. J. W. Marsh, formerly of Whittier, is in charge at Glendale. The last Sunday Mr. Willisford was with the church he had the pleasure of welcoming nine persons into membership. That last service was a wonderful one—one never to be forgotten.

Mrs. Willisford and family will be in Claremont for the next six months.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

There will be no meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

The Rev. Byron H. Stauffer was at Stanford last Sunday morning and his pulpit in San Francisco was occupied by Chaplain Gardner.

The Rev. W. D. Trout has resigned the pastorate at Reno, Nevada—resignation to take effect the first week in April. He has been in Reno since 1910.

Pacific School of Religion rejoices over a bequest of $100,000 by Mr. Carpentier, a California pioneer, first mayor of Oakland, who died recently in the East at the age of 92.

Bay Association meets next Tuesday afternoon at Olivet Church Oakland. The evening session will be in Plymouth Church. The meeting begins at 2 p. m. It is the annual meeting and officers will be elected. At 3 p. m. the following named persons will be examined for ordination: F. W. Morrison, W. D. McDonald, Samuel Nagata. Supper will be served at 6 p. m. for 35c a plate. Evening session in Plymouth will begin at 7:30. It will be an Ordination Service. Sermon by Dr. Brooks.

The church at Atlanta, Georgia, to which Dr. Aked has been called is the Central Congregational. Dr. Aked has consented to go and look the field over, preach there for two Sundays in May, and then give decision. He is pledged for addresses up to the 15th of May—speaking every night each week except Saturday night, and generally twice a day. Denominational leaders are urging Dr. Aked to undertake the work in Atlanta; and the Home Missionary Society has promised,—or practically so,—to the church, one half the salary if Dr. Aked can be prevailed upon to accept. He has never been in Atlanta, and the acquaintance between him and the Central Congregational Church people will begin when he goes there after the 15th of May.

A FEDERATED CHURCH, AT EDMONDS, WASHINGTON

Edmonds is a place of twelve hundred people, and is in the transition between a mill town and a residential suburb of Seattle. It had its share and more of religious organizations, but none of them strong enough to keep a pastor on the field. The Methodist had a pastor come from a neighboring city half of his time. The Congregational Church had once been the leading church; for nearly a year it had been pastorless, but a good Presbyterian brother had maintained the Sunday School.

In November the Congregational Home Mission Board asked Rev. A. B. Strong, late from Pasadena, to study the Edmond's situation. He refused a call to go to the Congregational people alone, but felt the town was ready for a united work. The Congregational people voted the free use of their church and parsonage. An invitation to the various religious bodies to federate was turned down, but a mass meeting was held and it was decided to federate the Christian people not related to any local church outside of the Congregational group of thirty. Articles of Federation were drafted similar to those of other federated churches, but fitted to the fact that this was a grouping of individuals.

The movement appealed strongly to the business and thinking people and indeed to all classes of society.

A very simple statement of faith was adopted; the new movement was called "A Federated Christian Association." Members were expected to unite for Christian fellowship and service while they might leave their church letters in their home church or the church of their choice; such members were automatically dropped from the roll upon leaving Edmonds.

Two kinds of members are received: those who are already members of other churches and those coming in on confession of faith. The response has been very hearty, the spiritual tone deep and earnest, over a hundred have signed enrollment cards, representing eleven denominations, including former Catholics. Seven were selected for the governing board; it happened that these came from six different denominations.

An enthusiastic Endeavor Society of high school students has been formed. The Sunday School has nearly doubled, the audience has almost trebled. The Sunday School has rented sunny rooms in a nearby store for its Primary department.

Thirty were received frmo all walks of life. One-third of the membership is now men as compared with one-tenth in the Congregational Church. On the reverse side of the enrollment cards were eleven lines of religious and community work, and each was asked to choose his or her special line. The response was excellent. A chairman has been appointed to lead, each group working out their own plans.

A most enthusiastic Father's and Son's banquet was put on in the Masonic Hall Saturday evening. Every boy in the high school and eighth grade was present, 120 in all. The movement promises to be a real blessing to Edmonds. Many things of course will need to be worked out with patience and prayer.

Cottage prayer meetings are being maintained in five parts of the town until after Easter.

The following are the lines of work outlined on back of pledge card,—opposite the name of which being a square in which to indicate preference.

Church School, Bible Class Work, Missionary Society, Young People's Society, Boys' Club Work, Girls' Club Work, Music, Community Service, Patriotic Service, Woman's Society, Church Decoration.

DON WHERRY. Clerk.

The man who disobeys the higher law, to whose existence his reason and conscience testify, not only makes war upon himself, but also upon his neighbor. Truth and love are the bonds of society; in rejecting these men introduce into society confusion and every evil work.—Washington Gladden.

We need not fear the storm if Christ is on the ship.

W. B. M. P.

At the Board prayermeeting on Wednesday, Mrs. Kirkwood read chapter IV on "The Limitations of Force" in "The Challange of the Present Crisis," already reviewed in this column. It being a very vital subject, a general discussion prevailed, followed by earnest prayers.

Mrs. Kroll read selections from Robert E. Speer's article in the Missionary Review of the World entitled "Looking Through the War Clouds." He finds amidst the special hardships which the war has brought to many mission fields, that the influence of Christianity is not diminished but rather increased among the natives. To quote a Prince of Siam, "We understand perfectly well that it is not Christianity which has failed, but the Western nations, and that if only peoples of the West had practiced the precepts of Christ there would have been no such awful struggle." Looking toward the future Mr. Speer says, "The one great lesson of the year which is to be carried up into the coming day is the lesson that now, not less but more, must all those forces be intensified and flung forth, which can build creatively the new order which must come upon the earth. No matter what sacrifice must be made, the missionary enterprise must not be sacrificed. Christ has a right to ask in the service which alone can establish righteousness upon the earth, that his people shall give him not a fraction of their income only, nor all of their income alone, but that they shall lay lown at his feet their very last and all."

A letter from our President, Mrs. Evans, came most opportunely telling of her conferences with the Oregon Branch and Home Union, her meeting with Miss Denton and of hearing Dr. Kelsey speak at First Church in Portland on Sunday.

A letter was read from Dr. Tallmon-Sargent of Lintsing, China and photos were exhibited which had just come from Bertha Allen in Foochow. The three Congregational Kindergartens of Foochow celebrated the holidays by an out of doors Christmas tree in the new Jean Brown Playground. The pictures show the hundred and twenty little folks seated in an immense circle around the tree, with mothers and relatives forming an audience in the background.

From "Mission News."—An incident of early days at the Doshisha Girls' School: Once Mrs. Taylor sent over for "the girls" (Miss Parmelee and Miss Starkweather who founded the Girls' School) some fresh, raw pork, a great rarity then; by mistake it was presented to the school girls as from Mrs. Taylor, and they ate it raw, because it was a gift from a foreigner and they felt that propriety required its consumption. One of the girls confidentially told Miss Starkweather that it was very **tsurai**, disagreeable to eat, but there was no help for it."

How one Southern California Sunday School used the "Congregational Pilgrims in Africa" issued by the American Board and the Women's Boards: "We ordered the 'Combination Set' and will continue the story telling on Africa for some time yet in the Primary and Junior Departments, but gave our last program from "The Congregational Pioneers" in the main department last Sunday. The material is exceptionally good. For the first program we had a young man in costume represent the Mohammedan slave-trader, and by his story furnish a dark background against which the needs of the work at Beira stood out sharply. To add to the interest of the last program we had a large sand map of Africa; a tall candle stood for "The Light of the World," and the Missionary getting her light from this source placed 17 little lighted tapers, making the chain of light houses.

We have been able to get quite a number to take part instead of having all the story telling done by the Superintendent and quite a little interest has been shown. Offerings are increasing right along."

The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California and the Northern California Branch of the W. B. M. P. plan to offer Congregational women of the Bay region a chance to enter more largely into their work by throwing open the doors of the monthly Executive Committee meeting to all interested women. Mome time will be devoted to matters of general interest, more details given about our varied work, letters from the field will be read, photos will be shown, etc. Each missionary society should be represented by at least one delegate in order to keep in touch with our work. The sessions will include the noon hour. As the meetings will be held in the Oakland Y. W. C. A. 15th and Webster streets, a cafeteria luncheon in a private room will give an opportunity for fellowship. Separate executive sessions of the Branch and Union will be held in the afternoon as occasion requires.

Remember the date and the cordial invitation to attend which is extended to all. The first Thursday of every month, at 10 a. m. in the Y. W. C. A. 15th and Webster streets, Oakland, next meeting March 7th.

Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Albert P. Peck will be pleased to learn of their safe arrival on the steamer China, Saturday February 23 from Peking. They have come to visit their children on this side of the ocean. Before their arrival one son had already reached France, a Captain with the corps of engineers. Another son is at Fort Scott awaiting orders that will send him to an aviation training camp. Dr. and Mrs. Peck are being entertained at the home of Mr. Augustus T. Parsons, brother of our Miss Edith Parsons, 1751 Tacoma Avenue, Berkeley. They plan to go on to New York in a few weeks to visit their daughter and grandchildren.

A mistake in printing in last week's column gave to every member of the W. B. M. P. who read the note the privilege of claiming for her particular Branch the gift of a victrola for the Doshisha. The item read our Branch instead of "one Branch is sending a victrola," etc. The credit for the gift belongs alone to the Idaho Branch, and to friends in Boise particularly. The rest of us have the pleasure of congratulating them upon the delight their gift will bring to Miss Denton's girls.

There's heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns nor moons though e'er so bright
Avail to stop me; splendor-proof
I keep the broods of stars aloof:
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory passed,
I lay my spirit down at last.
I lie where I have always lain,
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The heavens, God thought on me his child.

—Robert Browning.

One of the stubbornest of all facts is that chickens will come home to roost.

The Home.

HOW PSYCHOANALYSIS GRIPPED ONE COMMUNITY HARD.

February 7.—We live in a "community," twenty minutes from the Great Dark Way. Do you know what a "community" is? No? Well, listen, my journal, and you shall hear. A "community" is the sort of neighborhood which differs from other settlements. So writes Roy K. Moulton in the New York Sun.

In the first place, the rent is higher when you live in a "community" than when you live in a mere neighborhood. Then we have our little "community" institutions, like "community" churches, clubs, measles, dancing classes, whooping cough and cosmic urges. In a "community" the people mix and mingle freely and give the epidemics a chance, and the book agents as well. When one woman buys a book every other woman buys one. When one child has the scarlatina all the others have it. We are all interested in the same thing at the same time. Even rent day gives us a common interest.

The first thing you do when you move into a "community" is to join everything in sight, from reading classes to rheumatism, and after you have done that you begin signing subscription papers. How subscription papers do thrive in "communities." There is a collector at the door every eight minutes. For the first few days you answer the buzzer and then when you get really next to "community" ways you let her buzz until the battery runs out.

The Thursday Club is one of the thriving institutions of our "community." It meets first in one apartment and then in another. The apartments are all alike and so are the meetings. The object of this organization is to hold a meeting every week.

All the apartment buildings in our "community" are owned by one corporation, and when the corporation built the houses it started the "community" idea and urged it along. The renters were urged to get together and thrash things out and to become interested in the same problems.

If the corporation had this to do over it would probably pursue a different course and urge all renters to remain absolute strangers. For when the "community" gets together and gets after the corporation because the waste pipe under Mrs. Pennypacker's sink leaks, the corporation has to go into hiding. Sometimes when the "community" committee has sought the corporation to find out why the crack in the ceiling of Mrs. Webster's parlor hasn't been fixed and why there is no light on the third landing in 1235 the corporation has been entirely missing for weeks at a time.

It is a fine corporation and a kind-hearted corporation at that, but when it built up its "community" idea it built a Frankenstein monster.

Well, the Thursday club had an important meeting the other day. One of the women had braved the elements and the scalpers and the suburban subway and had attended a show in the city. The play had to do with psychoanalysis, an entirely new thought. What the Leon Trotzky is to the modern dance world psychoanalysis is to the modern-thinking world. It is an indefinable something, as I get it—an indefinable yet insidious something which controls the inner being of those who are able intellectually to function on its plane. The woman came home from the show full of psychoanalysis. She didn't know what it was. Her husband claimed it was nothing but disposition, which she indignantly denied. Anyhow, she was just bubbling over with it.

We discussed it thoroughly at the "community" Penny Ante Club the next evening, and while we tried to deride it we knew down in our hearts that we were due for an epidemic of psychoanalysis.

Every day since that meeting Agnes has had a queer look. She doesn't seem to keep her mind on our small yet important household affairs. For a week she hasn't said anything sarcastic about food. Agnes has been that way before. I remember when the Rabindranath Tagoritis ran through our "community" she had the worst case in our block. She just seems to sit around with her pores open and expose herself. But strange as it may seem, she never caught the Billysundayitis when it was running its course, and I give her credit for that.

This morning before I left home Agnes, who had been eating a psychoanalytic breakfast with her spoon poised between her mouth and her plate for fifteen minutes at a time and gazing at the picture of the water melon and bunch of grapes on our dining-room wall, suddenly said:

"Do you know, I believe I am a psychic. I am beginning to practise psychoanalysis."

I had been feeling queer myself for a day or two and I then discerned the reason. She had been practising on me.

"What is it?" I asked softly, so as to humor her.

"I don't know exactly," she said. "We will know more about it when Mrs. Robinson gets the book over town. I am only a beginner, but I am beginning to master it in the lower and simpler degrees.

"Don't you think it is a dangerous thing to monkey with until you know how to handle it?" I asked.

I was beginning to grow a bit uneasy. Really I hadn't felt well at all for two or three days.

"I am beginning to analyze things," she said, ignoring my question.

"Just sort of taking them apart to see what makes them tick," I suggested in a spirit of levity to relieve the tension.

"Oh, it is no joke," she said. "It is a very vital force."

"I can see that," I said apologetically.

"Psychoanalysis ignores substance and material things. Such analysis can bore through solid bone," and Agnes gave me a pointed look. "Even you some day may come to appreciate it and understand it."

I was on my way to the station when I met Harding and Bellaire.

"Do you know, fellows, I felt sort of creepy," said Harding. "There has been something uncanny going on in my old brain pan for two or three days. My wife looked a hole through me this morning. She has got the psychoanalytics."

"My wife asked me a question this morning about our game last night and I told her the truth," said Bellaire. "I felt frizzly all over and had goose flesh and everything. I didn't dare sidestep. I believe there is something in that guff they are investigating."

"Wait till they get the book," said Harding. "They're only amateurs now, acting upon hearsay. Wait till they dig into that book and they'll have us boys right, now believe me."

On the station platform were nine other men of our "community." Each was engaged in gazing far away over the Long Island prairie. They were not conversing as usual.

"Did you hear about Peters?" asked one of them in an awed whisper, as he drew near me, placed his hand to his mouth and glanced over his shoulder apprehensively.

"No. What about Peters?" I asked.

"He went on the water wagon yesterday. He ain't right. When a sincere drinker like Peters goes on the wagon, there's something wrong."

My informant tapped his own head with his forefinger. "Psychoanalysis," he whispered.

February 8—This morning Agnes said: "Well, we got the book yesterday and, best of all, an expert came out and gave us a reading from it. Pardon me, but did you notice the breakfast table move just then? I thought it moved slightly toward the window."

Now, if I had been alone, I probably would not have believed that the table had budged, but with Agnes' eyes fixed upon me, I thoroughly believed it had moved. In fact,I knew it had moved.

"Certainly," I said. "It moved about six inches."

I was as unconcerned about it as though I had been accustomed to seeing tables get up and jump out the window or down the hired girl's throat.

"Why did it move?" demanded Agnes.

"Search me," I replied.

"Psychoanalysis would tell you," she said.

"Perhaps it didn't move, after all," I said, bending and loking under the table. "No, it didn't. It seems to be standing where it has always stood."

"It moved back," asid Agnes quietly.

"When?" I demanded. There was a funny prickly sensation in my scalp and every hair seemed an individuality.

"Just before you stooped over to look," she said.

"Ah, so it did," I replied. "Now, if you will get old Psyche busy and find out where my old green velour hat is I would be obliged. I want to wear it today."

Agnes looked at me steadily for some moments and then said:

"It is on the second shelf in your clothes press behind a large pasteboard box."

I went to get it and there it was.

On the way to the train I met Bellaire. He looked frightened.

"Do you know what I did yesterday afternoon? I went and bought a $3,000 car. I don't understand it at all. I had sworn never to buy one."

"Is it the one your wife wanted you to buy last fall?" I asked.

"By James!" he exclaimed. "The very one! I hadn't thought of that before. Well, I'll be——"

Then we met Harding.

"Those women have got their book," he said. "By the way, I won't be able to play penny ante tonight. I have got an engagement to take my wife to town."

"That goes double," said Bellaire. "I can't come, either."

On the platform we met Higgins. He seemed fussed about something.

"I am just running in to town and right out again. My wife and I are leaving for Bermuda tonight."

"Isn't it rather sudden?" asked Harding.

"Yes, but the wife has never been there and has always wanted to go and business is slack just now anyhow and—"

"But you didn't mention it yesterday," said Bellaire, who happens to be Higgins' business partner.

"I didn't know it yesterday," replied Higgins. "Nuff said."

"You've been analyzed," said Harding.

February 9—This morning, on the way to the train I met Jordan. The penny ante club was scheduled to meet in his apartment last night.

"You're a fine guy," he said. "Why didn't you show up last night?"

"I had to take the wife over to the city," I said. "I'm sorry. But I hope it didn't spoil the evening."

"There wasn't any evening," he said. "Not a single soul showed up and there I had bought four bucks worth of cheese and liverwurst and blind robins, a box of smokes, a case of hops and three new decks of cards. What the everlasting hades has struck the gang, anyhow?"

"Psychoanalysis could explain it for you," I said.

"I believe it," he replied. "My wife has got 'em."

Tonight Agnes said: "I have had the most peculiar sensation all day. I believe something pelasant is going to happen."

"Maybe the gas company is going to happen."

"No, I seem to feel that somebody is going to send us a new player piano soon—perhaps tomorrow—to be exact, tomorrow at about 2 o'clock."

I looked Agnes squarely in the eye.

"Have you been over to the city today?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "I have."

"Then you know for a certainty that the player piano will be here at 2 o'clock tomorrow."

"Yes. I am certain of it. Really I am quite psychic about such things now."

"I believe it," I said. "The company called me up this afternoon and asked about the first payment."

For The Children.

WHAT CHARLIE LOST.

"Charlie lost something last night," said the professor to a class of boys one Monday afternoon.

"What was it?" asked one.

"Something valuable," said the professor, gravely.

Charlie was looking up at the professor with as much curiosity as the other boys.

"Where did he lose it?" asked another.

"Up by the church," answered the professor.

Charlie moved a little uneasily.

"What time was it?" asked a boy.

"About half-past eight," replied the professor.

Charlie dropped his head.

"Was it a dollar?" asked one boy.

"No." The professor shook his head. "It was worth more than a dollar—yes, than ten—twenty dollars."

"Can't we go hunt it?" suggested one of the class, who was ever ready to hunt lost things.

"No," replied the professor. "Nobody can find it but Charlie, and it will take him a long time."

The class sat puzzled for a moment.

"Do you want to know what it was "

All the boys were looking up, eager to know—all except Charlie—his head was down.

"It was the good opinion of five good men." The professor spoke seriously. "During church services last night Charlie was on the outside running around. He thought it would be fun to pry a window up a few inches and let it drop with a bang. He did it—and, of course, was seen. Somebody always finds out those things. And when service was over heard five or six men—good men, important men—speaking about the boy's conduct. They were much surprised—they had thought well of Charlie, and had believed he was going to grow up to be a manly, useful young fellow. But now—well, they shook their heads—that kind of conduct was a mighty bad start."

The professor spoke regretfully, and looked disappointed too.

"Strange how some boys do not understand what is fun and what is not. Strange they forget how valuable a good name is; how much it is worth to have the good opinion of a good man, and how foolish it is to lose that good opinion by some silly little trick that is not any real fun at all. Every right-thinking person wants boys to have fun. They like to see you have a good time. But whenever a boy, or a man, tries to have fun by wrongdoing or disturbing others, it makes out a bad case for him, and he loses part of the good opinion people have of him.—W. H. Hamby.

WHY ROBIN STOPPED CRYING.

Robin was crying again. This time it was because his mother called him to come to his reading lesson. Last time it was because he could not find his ball. The time before he had a sliver taken out, and the time before that Uncle Dan had laughed when he saw Robin finishing a slice of bread and jelly—a great irregular line of red stretching away up under his eyes, far out on his cheeks and down to the tip of his little chin.

Grandpa said it did beat all how many things that lad could find to cry about between daylight and dark. Uncle Dan said that at a moderate calculation Robin shed a pint of salt water every day. By the time he was in college he would weep a gallon a day, and he tried to count up how much it would be when Robin was fifty. Grandma promised him pennies galore if he would go a week without a cry; then, finding that impossible, if only one day should pass without tears. But he was still penniless.

The boys of the neighborhood jeered at Robin, and called "cry-baby," when he passed. But that did not cure him. Papa sent him promptly out of sight when the crying began, saying that so much damp air was bad for his rheumatism. Mamma told him stories of brave people, and encouraged him in every way, but nothing seemed to help when once a cry got fairly started.

Today the lesson was about George Washington and the flag. Mamma had some flags, tiny ones, such as Robin had never seen before. They crossed some over the door and put some about George Washington's picture and Robin held one in his hand while they went through the lesson.

At the very bottom of the page were these three lines:

Red says, "Be brave."
White says, "Be pure."
Blue says, "Be true."

They said them over and over until Robin could say them alone. Then he ran away to play.

Pretty soon mamma heard him saying them over in the parlor, picking out things having those colors. Then he came into her room and tried it with the flowers. The simple lines seemed to have charmed him, so that two or three hours passed before he even felt like crying. The first time the tears started again his mother caught him up, and carrying him to Washington's picture said:

"What does the flag say, Robin?"

Smiling through his tears, in spite of himself, he began, "Red says, 'Be brave.'"

"That's it! That's my little man! Whenever you feel like crying, just say it to yourself, Robin, and then the boys won't laugh at you, and Grandma will pay you the pennies, and we'll all be so proud and happy because our little boy has grown to be a little man."

So Robin and mamma went to work hard and said nothing to any one about it. When trouble came and Robin's face began to screw up, mamma called, "What does it say, Robin?" and the clouds cleared away with very little rainfall.

"What does that mean?" asked Uncle Dan one day.

"Never mind! That's our secret," laughed mamma.

"It works pretty well, whatever it is. Must have reduced the salt water to about a gill a day, I should think."

Then papa brought Robin a knife, saying that his rheumatism was so much better that he and Robin would have to celebrate.

He had a jolly time with it for a while, but it was not long before a scream from the back yard brought every one out to see what had happened to Robin. He had cut a gash in his finger and the blood—a terrible sight to the little boy—was drip, drip, dripping down.

Mamma held him in her arms till his fright was over, and then she said, "See how bright and pretty the blood is, Robin. What color is it?"

"Red," said he in a very faint voice.

"And what does red say?"

"Red says, 'Be brave,'" with a smile breaking through the tears.

"What's that?" asked Grandpa.

Then Robin told them all about the flag and what its colors meant.

"Every time a drop of blood comes peeping out," said mamma, "it is Mother Nature saying, 'Be brave, Robin, be brave.'"

Then Uncle Dan said: "That's a pretty good idea, young man. Now let me tell you something. Pull your upper lip down tight and hard—so. Now, just as long as you keep it stiff that way, you can't cry. Did you know that?"

So Robin tried it, not only then, but often afterward, and between the two helps it wasn't so very long before every one came to think a great deal more of the little boy than they used to, and he rattled pennies in his pocket as proudly as you please.—Lucy M. Sprague.

THE RAIN-DAY VISITOR.

Probably Ernest was as scarlet as grandma's tomato pincushion by this time. Minnie watched the little rivers run down the garden-path into the little lake at the gate. She sighed. Scarlet fever was the only thing Ernest had not divided with her in all the nine years of their twin lives.

Grandpa was asleep on the sofa, with a newspaper over his face; grandma dozed in her easy-chair by the fireside. It seemed as if they were always asleep. She thought of Mrs. Todd's baby who was always taking a nap when she wanted to take him riding. "People seem to sleep a good deal at the top and bottom of their lives," she said to herself, and sighed again.

Grandma sat up with a start, "Why, child," she exclaimed, picking up her knitting, "I must have closed my eyes for a second. I was just wondering," she went on briskly, smiling down at the doleful little face, "if you wouldn't like to read the diary your mother wrote when she was ten year old."

Minnie with wide eyes followed grandma to the bookcase. A mother only ten years old made one feel solemn. After a few minutes' search the book was found. It was of faded red leather with "Diary" printed across the back in gold letters. There was a red pencil tied to it with a ribbon that had once been blue.

As soon as she began to read, Minnie forgot that it was raining, forgot that she was lonesome and homesick.

"Ester Brown and me are going to kepe a diry," it began. Minnie stopped reading. Could that possibly be

Aunt Esther Brown, who lived at Waterlee, "our adopted aunt," as the twins called her?

"That is just who it was," said grandpa, waking from his nap in time to hear Minnie's excited question.

She could hardly let the book go long enough to eat her dinner. At the very end of the book came the most exciting part. She was going slowly to make it last as long as she could when she read this:—

"Ester Brown and me are too old to play with dolls eny more, so we are going to put our paper dolls all in the seekerit drawer of the old sekeritaree, and never look at them again. Cross youre harte and hope to di."

"Grandap, grandma, grandpa!" cried Minnie, dancing up and down. "Is there a secret drawer in the secretary?"

"Yes, yes," said grandpa, rubbing his chin. "Let me see. Pull out the second drawer from the top. It's right in back of that."

Minnie did so, trembling with excitement. She found a little narrow drawer, but it was empty.

At the sight of her disappointed face grandpa came to help her. They hunted for half an hour, but no other secret drawer could they find. They were about to give it up, when grandma, who had joined in the search, said suddenly:—

'Father, didn't she mean the old secretary? You know we bought this one the spring after she was nine, and she and Esther had the other in the attic to play with."

Up into the dark musty attic went the three. There in the dormer window stood the secretary, covered with dust and cobwebs. If Minnie had hard work to keep from screaming downstairs, she had harder work now, as at last grandpa opened the secret drawer and handed her a pile of what seemed to be dusty papers.

It was indeed the paper doll family put there so long ago by the two little girls.

When they were dusted, they appeared as good as new, and Minnie spent the rest of the day playing with them. She laughed and laughed at the queer style of the clothes they wore. At bedtime, when she gathered them up, she said to her grandmother, "It was just like having my little girl mother come to play with me."—Anna Louise Berray, in Sunday School Times.

RAIN OR SHINE.

Once there was a little boy who had made all his plans to go to picnic. For a month he had been thinking about it and getting ready for the fun that he would have there. But when he woke up the morning he was to go, the first sound that he heard was the rain coming down on the roof. Of course, he couldn't go, and he was very sad and disappointed. He thought that everything had gone wrong because it rained and he couldn't go to that picnic.

That day his mother took him to the window and showed him how the rain from the roof was running into the cistern, so that they could have water to drink. Then she pointed him to the garden. Every plant was standing up so straight, and seemed so happy because of the rain that had come. And the fruit and the flowers and the cattle and the birds were all happy, too. And then the little boy began to see how much good there was in that rain that had spoiled his fun that day.

We will always find something good in everyone and in everything in the world, if we will only look on the bright side.—Ex.

It often happens in life that some mighty help which we have held to come from below has, in reality, come from above. Who knows all the mysterious forms assumed by God?—Victor Hugo.

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